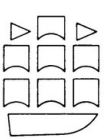
Tales from the Arabian Nights

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Simplified by Michael West

Illustrated by Victor Ambrus

850 word vocabulary



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Note: Words outside the vocabulary for Stage 2 are shown by a star * and are listed at the end of the book

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The Sultan Schahriar

Chapter One

THE SULTAN AND SCHEHERAZADE

The Sultan Schahriar loved his wife very much. He gave her everything that she could want. But, after a few years, he found that she was a very bad woman. He ordered the Vizir to put her to death.

Then the Sultan said, "All women are bad. I will now marry a new wife every day, and on the next morning she shall be put to death."

The people became very angry. In every family there was fear.

The Vizir had two daughters. The elder daughter was Sche-hera-zade: she was very beautiful, and brave. The other daughter, Dinarzade, was very good and she did everything her sister asked her to do.

Scheherazade went to her father and said, "Dear father, will you do anything I ask? Say, 'In the name of God, I will do anything that Scheherazade asks.'"

"Yes," said the Vizir, "of course I will do anything which will make you happy."

"I cannot be happy if the Sultan does this thing. I must stop it. You have to find a new wife for the Sultan every day. I ask you to take me."

"I cannot do that," said the Grand Vizir. "I cannot kill my own daughter!"

"But you said, 'In the name of God I will do anything that Scheherazade asks.'"

"I said it," answered the Vizir; "so I must do it."

Then Scheherazade called her sister Dinarzade and said, "When I go to the Sultan I shall ask him to let you sleep in our room during the last night of my life. You must wake me before sunrise and say, 'My dear sister, if you are not asleep, please tell me one of your beautiful stories before the sun rises.' Then I shall begin . . . and in that way I hope to save the people from their fear."

So the Vizir sent Scheherazade and Dinarzade to the Sultan.

The Sultan said, "Yes, your sister may stay in the room."

When sunrise was near, Dinarzade said, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, please tell me one of your beautiful stories."

Scheherazade said, "O Sultan, may I do what my sister asks?"

"Yes," answered the Sultan, "you may tell her one of your stories."

So Scheherazade began.

Scheherazade

Chapter Two

THE RICH MAN AND THE GENIE

O Sultan, there was once a very rich man. One day he set out on a journey, taking with him a small basket of *fruit* and bread to eat on his way.

When the sun became very hot he went to rest under some trees near a river. He sat down and began to eat the fruit; and, as he ate, he threw the fruit-stones behind him.

He began to wash his face and hands in the water. Then he saw a *Genie* behind him.

"Stand up!" cried the Genie, "and let me kill you as you have killed my son."

"But," said the Rich Man, "why do you want to kill me? What have I done?"

"You have killed my son!"

"How can I have killed your son? I have never seen him."

"You sat down under that tree. You took some fruit from that basket and ate it. While you were eating it you threw the fruit-stones behind you."

"Yes," said the Rich Man, "I did."

"My son passed by while you were throwing those stones. One of the stones hit him in the eye and killed him. So I shall kill you!"

" Stand up ! " cried the Genie, " and let me kill you "

"I did not mean to kill him," said the Rich Man. "Think of my wife and my children! What will they do if you kill me? I too have a son. Who will take care of him, poor fatherless boy!"

* * * * *

Scheherazade looked up at the window.

"See!" she said, "the sun is rising; so I must stop."

"Dear sister," said Dinarzade, "tell me the end."

"I cannot tell you the end because today I shall die. If the Sultan lets me live one more day, I will tell it."

"Well . . . " said the Sultan, "I will wait until tomorrow so that I may hear the end of the story."

On the next morning before sunrise, Dinarzade said, "Dear sister, if you are awake, I pray you go on with your story."

"Yes!" said the Sultan, "I wish to hear the ending."

* * * * *

Well (said Scheherazade) the Rich Man saw that the Genie meant to cut off his head. So he said, "I pray you to give me some time to go and see my wife and children and to set everything in order. Then I will come back to this place."

"How much time do you want?" said the Genie.

"One year," said the Rich Man. "I will come back on this day one year from now. In the name of God, I say it!"

"Let it be so," said the Genie.

The Rich Man went home and told his wife what had happened. He set everything in order, and, when one year had passed, he kissed her and his son, and set out to go to the place where he first saw the Genie.

While he sat there waiting for the Genie he saw an old man with a *deer* coming to that place.

The old man said, "What has brought you to this place where there are so many Genii? This is a very dangerous place."

The old man with a deer

The Rich Man told his story.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I must stay and see what happens when the Genie comes."

So the old man sat down under the tree and waited.

Then another old man came along the road followed by two black dogs.

When the Second Old Man heard the story he said, "Ah! I must stay and see what happens when the Genie comes."

They waited. Then they saw a cloud—like a cloud of dust. It came nearer and nearer. Then the cloud opened and they saw the Genie.

"Stand up!" cried the Genie, "and I shall kill you, as you have killed my son."

The Rich Man and the two old men began to weep. Then the old man with the deer threw himself at the Genie's feet and said, "Hear me, I pray you, Genie! I am going to tell you the story of this deer which I am leading. If this story pleases you I ask you to give back to the Rich Man half of his life. And, perhaps, this old man has a story about his two black dogs. If that story pleases you, you may give back to this man the other half of his life and let him go free."

"Well . . .," said the Genie. "Yes: it shall be so. But the stories must be good!"

Chapter Three

THE STORY OF THE FIRST OLD MAN AND THE DEER

This deer which you see here is my wife. We had no children.

One of my serving-women had a fine strong little son. So I took him as my son by law. When I die he will get all my money.

Years passed by and my son grew up into a fine young man.

I had to go away on a long journey. Before I went away, I said to my wife, "Please keep my son and his mother safe until I come back."

As soon as I went away my wife began to learn magic. When she had learnt enough she took the servant and her son and changed them into a cow and a *calf*.

When I came back from my journey, I asked my wife, "Where is my son and where is his mother ?" My wife answered, "That servant is dead."

"Where is my son ?"

"He has gone away. I have not seen him for two months. I don't know where he is."

I tried to find my son, but could not. Eight months passed.

I wished to give a fine meal to all my friends at the time of Bairam. I ordered my head servant to bring me a very fat cow to be cooked for the meal.

He did this. I did not know that the cow was my son's mother. I was just going to kill her, when I saw that the cow's eyes were full of sadness and she was weeping.

I said to the servant, "Take her away. I cannot kill her."

My wife was very angry. She said, "Why do you not kill the cow ? Kill this cow ! Kill her !"

"I cannot do it," I said. So the servant led the cow away and killed her; but there was no fat on the cow.

The cook said, "I cannot use this cow for your meal : there is no fat on this animal."

Then I said to the servant, "Bring a fine fat calf. We will have that for our meal."

The servant brought a fine fat calf. I did not know that this calf was my son. The calf threw itself down at my feet and looked up into my eyes. I was very surprised. I said to the servant, "Take this calf away. Take great care of it. Bring me another calf for the meal."

My wife was very angry : "Why do you not kill this calf? Kill this calf!"

But I would not do it.

On the next day my head servant came to me when I was alone. He said, "My daughter knows magic. When I was leading the calf away, she laughed; and

The calf threw itself down at my feet

then she began to weep. I asked her, 'Why did you laugh, and why are you now weeping ?'"

"'Father,' she said, 'this calf is his son. I was glad that he had not killed it : so I laughed. Then I wept because of his mother : she was killed by the servant.'"

I went with the head servant to speak to his daughter.

"Can you change my son back into his real form ? Can you do it ?"

She said, "Yes, I can do it, and I will do it if you will do what I ask."

"What do you ask ?"

"I ask that your son shall make me his wife ; and I ask that I may do whatever I wish to that bad woman who changed him into a calf."

I answered, "Yes, you shall be my son's wife. Yes, you may do whatever you like to my wife, but you must not kill her. What will you do to her ?"

"I will do to her what she did to your son."

Then she took a pot of water. She said some magic words over the water. Then she threw the water over the calf, and he became my son.

"My son ! My dear son !" I cried, taking him in my arms and kissing him. "This girl has saved you : I am sure that you wish to take her as your wife."

Then she changed my wife into a deer. I wished her to have this form, rather than the form of a cow, so that she could be with us in the house. Now I am going on a journey to visit my son, and I am bringing my wife with me.

"That is a very good story," said the Genie. "So I will give back to this man half of his life. But, to get the other half, this old man with the two black dogs, must tell an even better story."

So the Second Old Man began :

* * * * *

"Ah !" cried Scheherazade, "the sun is up. I must wait until tomorrow to tell you the Second Old Man's story."

On the next morning Dinarzade said, "O sister, if you are awake, will you tell me the Second Old Man's story ?"

So Scheherazade began :

Chapter Four

THE STORY OF THE SECOND OLD MAN AND THE TWO BLACK DOGS

The two black dogs and I are three brothers. When our father died he gave each of us one thousand *sequins*.[1]

My elder brother said, "I will take my thousand sequins and travel in other countries, buying and selling, and, when I come back, I shall be a very rich man."

He set out and was away for a whole year.

At the end of this time a poor man came to my house. I said, "Good morning. What do you want?"

"Do you not know me?"

I looked at him closely: he was my brother!

I brought him into my house. I gave him food and new clothes.

"I have lost all my money," he said.

I saw that during the year I had got a thousand sequins by my work: so now I had two thousand sequins. I gave him one thousand sequins and we lived together as we had done before our father died.

[1] Gold pieces of money.

The two black dogs and I are brothers

My second brother said, "I will travel in other countries, buying and selling, and at the end of a year I shall come back a rich man."

So he went, and at the end of a year he came back in the same state as my elder brother had been. He had lost all his money.

Soon after this my two brothers came to me and said, "Let us all go on a journey and buy and sell and become rich men."

I did not wish to do this, but I wanted to help my brothers. I gave one thousand sequins to each of my brothers. I kept one thousand sequins which I would take with me on the journey. Then I made a hole under the floor of my house and I hid three thousand sequins in it.

So we set out. We did very well buying things in

one country and selling them in another country. At last we came to a town near the sea. When I was walking near the sea I was stopped by a woman. She was very poorly dressed, but she was beautiful. She kissed my hand and said, "I pray you, marry me, and take me away in your ship."

At first I did not wish to do this ; but after some days I found how good and kind she was. So I married her. We sailed away in our ship, and each day I loved her more and more.

My brothers did not like this. They said, "See how much he loves that woman. He will give all his money to her, and we shall not get any more sequins from him."

One night when we were sleeping, the two brothers threw me and my wife into the sea.

Now my wife was a fairy. She saved me from the sea and carried me through the air till we came to an island.

When day came she said, "When I saw you walking by the sea, I thought, 'That is a good man, a kind man.' So I asked you to marry me, and now I know how good and kind you are. But I am very angry with your brothers. I shall take you back to your home ; but do not be surprised at what you see at your door."

When I came to my home I saw two black dogs.

Then my wife came to me and said, "Those dogs are your brothers. They will remain in that form for

" I pray you, marry me, and take me away "

ten years. After ten years you may bring them to me." Then she told me where I would find her.

The ten years have ended, and I am on my way to find her.

That is my story, O Genie. Is it not a good one ?

Now will you give this man the other half of his life ?

"Yes !" said the Genie. "It is a very good story. It is a better story than the first story; so I will gladly give him back his life."

Then the Genie changed into a cloud and was seen no more.

* * * * *

"But, O Sultan," said Scheherazade, "those two stories are not as good as the Story of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid and the old man who had lost the sight of both eyes : he was quite *blind.* I cannot tell it you now because the sun is up ; and I cannot tell it to-morrow, because at that time I shall be dead. But I will begin it.

"Haroun al Rashid, Caliph of Baghdad was not sure that his people were always happy and treated justly. So one day he said to his Grand Vizir, 'Let us go out at night and see my people for ourselves. Let us see if they are happy or unhappy. Let us learn the stories of their lives, and if we meet any very unhappy man, let us know why he is unhappy, and if there is one who is very poor, let us find out why he is very poor.'

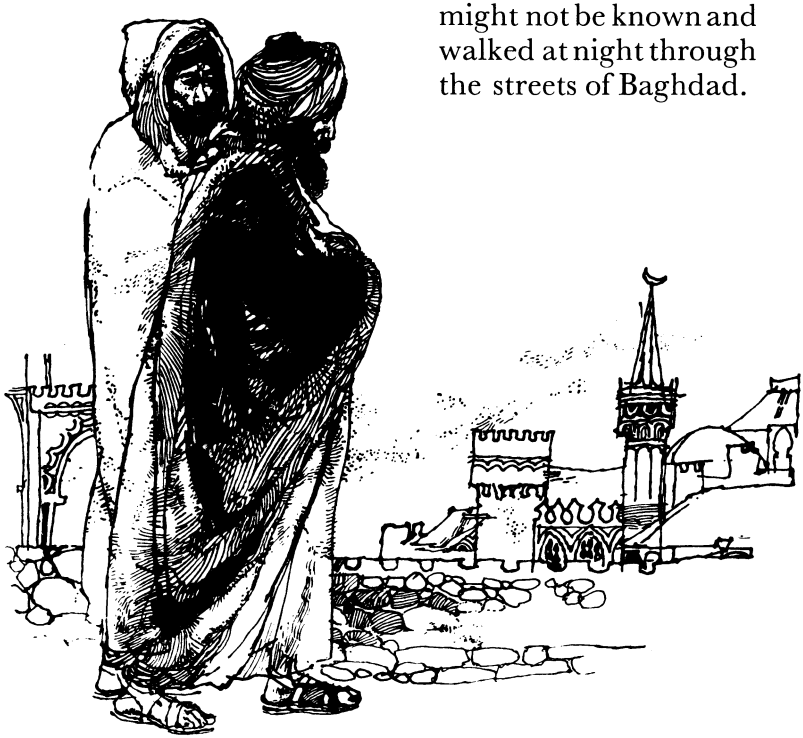
"One night the Caliph and the Grand Vizir dressed themselves as poor men and went out into the city. There they met a man asking for money—a blind *beggar. . . .*"

"Tell me the story of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid and the blind beggar. You shall tell it to me tomorrow before the sun is up."

Chapter Five

THE CALIPH AND THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BAGHDAD

The Caliph Haroun al Rashid and the Grand Vizir dressed themselves as poor men so that they might not be known and walked at night through the streets of Baghdad.



They crossed the river Euphrates in a small boat, then they walked through the streets on the other side. They were very pleased with the good order of everything that they saw. They then came to the bridge which would lead them back to the Caliph's house. On the bridge they were stopped by an old blind man who asked them for money :

"O kind sir, I have had no food all day : pray give me some money so that I may buy food."

The Caliph gave the beggar some money.

Then the man thanked him and said, "Kind sir, I ask you to do one more thing for me. Hit me ! Hit me hard !"

"Why do you ask me to do that ?" said the Caliph.

"Sir," said the old man, "when a man is *punished* he is hurt because he has done wrong. It is right that I should be punished because I have done wrong."

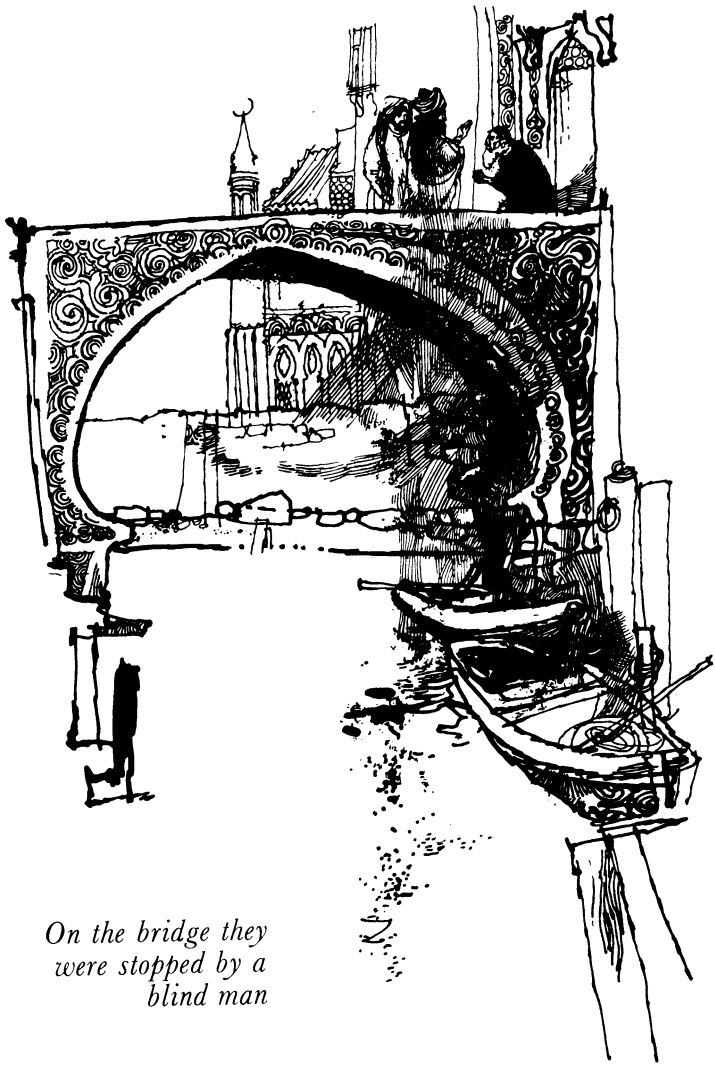
"I cannot do it," said the Caliph. "You are a very old man ; you have had no food all day and you are very unhappy. Why should I hit you ?"

"Take back your money," said the old man, "or do as I ask. I have said 'I will not take money from any man without being punished.' You do not know my story. It is right for me to be punished."

So the Caliph hit the man.

"No ! Hit harder than that !"

So the Caliph hit him again. Then he and the Grand Vizir walked on. Then the Caliph said to the Grand Vizir, "What is the reason for this ? Why did



On the bridge they were stopped by a blind man

he ask me to hit him ? Go back to him. Tell him who I am and order him to come to my house tomorrow after the evening prayer."

The Grand Vizir went back to the bridge and gave the old man a piece of money. Then he hit him, and he told him what the Caliph had said.

On the next day, after evening prayer, the Grand Vizir led the old man into the hall where the Caliph was sitting.

"What is your name ?" asked the Caliph.

"My name is Baba-Abdalla," said the old man.

"Tell me why you ask people to hit you when they give you money. What is your reason for this ? It is a bad thing if my people are taught to hit an old man —a man as old perhaps as their father ; or even older."

"O Caliph," said Baba-Abdalla, " I was born in Baghdad. My father and mother died when I was a very young man. They left me some money. I worked very hard to get more money. At last I had so much money that I bought eighty *camels*. I travelled from one place to another with my camels : I bought things in one country and sold them in another, and so I got more and more money. I loved money !"

One day I was coming back from Balsore. At mid-day I stopped in a place where there was good food for my camels. I was resting under a tree.

A Dervish is (as you know) a man who has given his life to God ; so he does not try to get riches.

As I sat under the tree a Dervish, walking to Balsore, came and sat down by my side. I gave him food. As we were eating, we talked about our ways of life.

"I do not want riches," he said. "If I wanted gold and jewels I could have all I want. There is a cave near this place in which gold and jewels are hidden. In that cave there are more gold and jewels than all your eighty camels can carry."

I said, "Good Dervish, I know that the riches of this world are nothing to you. So what is the use to you of knowing where all these riches are hidden ? You alone, walking, can carry only a very little ; but tell me where it is, and I will load my eighty camels and give you one of them."

These were my thoughts: "I love gold. If I give him one camel and its load, I shall have only seventy-nine camels and their loads. One more camel will make them eighty."

The Dervish saw what thoughts were passing through my mind. "My brother," he answered, "you know that you are not being just. I told you about the cave because I thought that you were a good man. I thought that you would give me half, and would thank me for making us both rich. Before I tell you where the cave is, you must say that you will give me half. You will give me forty camels with their loads."

"There are more gold and jewels than all your camels can carry"

"But," I thought, "the Dervish will be as rich as I am! I cannot bear that thought! But I must do as he says, or I shall get nothing."

So I said to the Dervish, "I will give you forty camels with their loads. Now lead me to the place."

We came to a narrow place between two hills. The sides of the hills were like walls, so that no man could climb up them. There was a high rock at the far end, so that there was only one way in to this place —the way by which we had come.

The Dervish made a fire. Then he threw some magic powder on the fire. Then the rock opened and I ran into the cave. I filled a bag with pieces of gold. Then I saw that the Dervish was filling a bag with jewels. "Ah!" I thought, "that is better! I can carry more jewels than gold on my camels and they will bring me more money."

At last all the camels were loaded and we were ready to go. The Dervish then went to a big golden box at the far end of the cave. He took out of it a little wooden box. Then he lit the fire, threw some magic powder on it, said some magic words, and the way through the rock shut. The rock looked just as it had before.

We then each took forty camels. We came to a place where there were two roads. One of them was the road to Balsore and the other was the road to Baghdad. The Dervish was going to Balsore and I was going to Baghdad.

I thanked the Dervish for helping me to find the gold and jewels. I said, "May God go with you on your journey and may you always be happy." Then we each turned to go our own way.

I had gone only a little way along the road when I said to myself, "Why does a Dervish want all those riches? He does not need all those riches: he knows how to open the cave and he can go there whenever he wants and get as much as he wants."

I stopped my camels and ran back to the Dervish. I said, "My brother, you are a Dervish. You live a very quiet life, only wanting to do good to others. You do not care about the things of this world. All these riches will be a load upon your mind and a cause of unhappiness to you. And think also of this: You are not a camel-driver: you do not know how to treat camels. If you are wise you will not take more than thirty camels, and you will find it very hard to drive even so many."

"You are right," said the Dervish. "I had not thought of that. Take away ten of my camels."

So I took ten of his camels—the best ten, and I went back to my forty camels on the road to Baghdad.

I looked back at the Dervish to see how far he had moved. He had not moved far. He could not make his camels go fast.

I had found it so easy to get those ten camels that I wished that I had asked for more.

I called to the Dervish. "My brother," I said. "I think I must tell you that only a very good camel-driver can deal with thirty camels. It would be safer if you let me have ten more of them."

He let me have ten camels, so I had sixty camels and he had only twenty.

There is a saying, "The more one has, the more one wants." It was so with me. I could not rest while even one camel remained with the Dervish.

I went back to him and said, "My brother, I cannot feel happy while you have these twenty beasts which you cannot drive. What will happen to you if they run away, or if one of them becomes angry and bites you? The bite of a camel can kill a man. You can go at any time to the cave with a donkey and take as much gold and jewels as you need; but you are a Dervish and do not need a lot of money. It will seem bad if you come to the city like a rich man with twenty camels loaded with jewels and gold. What will people say about you? They will ask where you got it. They will say, 'He is a thief. He is not a real Dervish. He is a thief dressed as a Dervish.'"

The Dervish gave me the last twenty camels, saying, "Riches fly away if we keep them only for ourselves. The poor are at our gates so that we may help them and do good."

I laughed at his words. Then I thought of the little wooden box which he had taken from the far end of

the cave. Perhaps he had in that box something better than all that which he had on the camels. I asked him, "What are you going to do with that little box? Do you want to take it with you?"

He gave it to me. "Take it, my friend, if it will make you happy."

I saw that in the box there was a little *bottle* of oil. "Of what use is this oil?" I asked.

"It is a magic oil," he answered. "If you put a little of it on your left eye, you will see all the gold and jewels hidden in the earth. But do not touch your right eye with it, or you will lose your sight. You will become blind for ever."

"Let me try it!" I cried. "You will know how to do it better than I. Put the oil on my eye."

The Dervish took the box. He said, "Shut your left eye." Then he put his finger in the oil and touched my left eye.

I opened my eye, and I saw silver and gold and jewels hidden in the earth wherever I looked. There! under that big tree: there! below those fallen stones where a house once stood: there! near the river: there under the road near where I stood.

I was so surprised at this sight that I said, "I cannot see it well with only one eye. Put some oil on my right eye."

"If you wish, I will do it, but if the oil touches your right eye you will become blind."

I thought that he was hiding from me some other

magic power of the oil. I said, "How can one oil make a man see more with one eye but become blind with two eyes ? I do not believe you."

"But it is true," said the Dervish.

"My brother," I said, "you have done so much for me. Do not let us quarrel over this little thing. Please do as I ask."

"I see that it is no use talking," said the Dervish. "I will do it."

Then he put some of the oil on my right eye. Clouds of darkness came over me. I was blind—blind as you see me now !

"O Dervish," I cried, "see what my love of gold has done to me ! Do you know of anything that will give me back my sight ?"

"Unhappy man," said the Dervish, "this is your punishment. The blindness of your heart has brought blindness upon your eyes. I do not know of anything

I was blind!

which will bring back your sight. These riches will be given to others whose need is greater than yours and who will be thankful for them."

I stood there while he brought the eighty camels together and went on his way to Balsore.

Some travellers came along the next day and brought me to Baghdad. I live only upon the money which passers-by give to me. But, in order to pay for the wrong which I have done, I ask each one to punish me. That, O Caliph, is my story.

"Baba-Abdalla," said the Caliph, "truly you have done a great wrong, but your punishment has been great. From now on you need bear no more punishment. I will give you a place to live in and enough money each day for your needs."

Baba-Abdalla threw himself at the Caliph's feet: "O Caliph," he said, "may happiness be yours until the last day of your life, and may all men know of your goodness."

* * * * *

"I have another story about the Caliph Haroun al Rashid," said Scheherazade. "He was one of the wisest men who have ever ruled this land or any other. Yet even the wisest men can learn from a child.

The sun is up: so I cannot tell you this story, but perhaps one of your learnèd men knows the story of Ali Cogia and the Caliph Haroun al Rashid."

"Perhaps," said the Sultan, "not one of my learnèd men knows the story, but I very much wish to hear it.

So I will let you live for one more day, and you shall tell it to me before sunrise tomorrow."

Chapter Six

THE BOY CADI

At the time when the Caliph Haroun al Rashid was living, there was a man in Baghdad named Ali Cogia. He had no wife and no children. He had a little *shop* in which he sold sweets and playthings for children: he loved children. He was not rich, and he was not poor; but he lived very happily because he had enough money for his needs. He had put by one thousand pieces of gold so that, when he was ill or too old to work, he would still have enough money to live on.

Then, when he was asleep, a voice came to him. The voice said, "You are a good Muslim. Why have you not travelled to Mecca? Every good Muslim should go to Mecca once in his life if he has enough money."

When he awoke, he said, "Yes, I ought to make the journey to Mecca, but I do not want to leave my house and friends here; so I will do many good works and help the poor. Then the voice will not come to me again saying, 'Why have you not made the journey to Mecca?'"

It came again, and again; and at last he said, "I must do as the voice orders me. I will go to Mecca."

He let a friend live in his house and take care of it. He sold the shop and all the things in it and he bought some things which he could carry on a camel and sell on his journey and in Mecca. "But," he thought, "what shall I do with my one thousand gold coins ? I cannot take them with me. Where can I put them where they will be safe until I come back ?" Then he thought of a plan.

[An *olive* is a small green, salt-tasting fruit.]

He said, "I will get a big pot, such as is used for keeping olives. I will put the pieces of gold in the bottom of the pot, and I will fill it up with olives. Then I will shut it up and take it to my friend Hussain who has a shop near my shop, and ask him to keep it for me."

So he went to Hussain and said, "My brother, I am going on a journey to Mecca. Will you kindly keep this pot of olives for me until I come back ?"

Hussain said, "Yes, I will gladly do that. Here is the key of my shop. Take it and put the pot of olives wherever you like. You will find it in the same place when you come back."

A few days after this Ali Cogia got up on a camel loaded with things to sell in Mecca and started on his journey. When he had visited the Mosque and had said his prayers, he set out his things to sell them to passers-by.

Two men came and looked at his things. One man said to the other, "This man should take these things

to Cairo. He would get far more money for them there."

Ali Cogia heard this: he took up his things and went to Cairo. In Cairo he sold everything very quickly and he bought a lot of Egyptian things. He said, "I can sell these Egyptian things in Damascus." From Damascus he went to Aleppo. He crossed the river and came to Mosul. There he met some Persians and went with them to Persia and on to India.

Seven years had passed since he left Baghdad. During all those seven years Hussain had never thought about him or about the pot of olives. It was still in Hussain's shop just where Ali Cogia had put it.

One month before Ali Cogia came back, Hussain's wife said, "It is a long time since I have eaten any olives. I want some olives."

"Before Ali Cogia went to Mecca seven years ago, he left a pot of olives in my shop. I am sure that he is dead after all these years : so we may eat the olives. I will go and get them."

"No, no !" said Hussain's wife. "That would be wrong. He may come back and he will find that you have opened his pot of olives. Perhaps after such a long time they are bad. I feel that Ali Cogia will come back, and what will he think of you if you have opened his pot of olives ! Do not do it !"

But Hussain went to his shop. He opened the pot of olives. The olives at the top of the pot were bad. They had a bad smell. He took them out so as to see if

those lower down in the pot were bad. They also were bad. Then he found the money. He saw that all the bottom of the pot was filled with pieces of gold.

He went back and said to his wife, "My dear wife, you were right. The olives were bad." But he said to himself, "How can I keep the gold if Ali Cogia comes back?"

Then he thought of a plan.

He went out and bought a lot of new, fresh olives. He threw away the old olives; he took out the gold and hid it. He filled up the pot with the olives which he had bought: then he shut up the pot just as Ali Cogia had done, and he put it back in the place just where Ali Cogia had left it.

A month after this Ali Cogia came back to Baghdad. He went to see Hussain.

"Ah!" cried Hussain, "so you are back at last. I am very pleased to see you."

After they had talked for some time, Ali Cogia said, "Please let me have that pot of olives which I left with you."

"Oh yes, of course!" said Hussain. "I remember it now. You put it somewhere in my shop. Here is the key of my shop. You will find it just where you put it seven years ago."

Ali Cogia got the pot of olives and took it into the room where he was staying. He took out the olives; but the money was not there!

He ran back to Hussain's house. "My friend," he

cried, "I had put a thousand pieces of gold in that pot of olives, but I cannot find them. Perhaps you needed the money and said, 'When Ali Cogia comes back, I will give it to him.' Give me a paper saying *I have taken the money and I will let you have it back in time, when I can.*"

"But," said Hussain, "when you brought the pot of olives I did not touch it. I gave you the key of my shop and you put it there. You found it where you put it. You told me that it was a pot of olives : you did not say anything about pieces of gold."

"There were pieces of gold. Give them back to me !"

"You put a pot of olives in my shop. I never saw the olives. Now, after seven years, you say 'They were not olives : they were pieces of gold.' Why do you not say they were jewels, and order me to pay for them ? I do not believe that there were any olives, or gold or anything in the pot."

"Then," said Ali Cogia, "we must go before the Cadi (the *judge*). The Cadi knows the law : he can tell right from wrong, truth from untruth, and he will order you to give me back my money."

"Let it be so," said Hussain. "We shall soon see which of us is right."

So they went to the Cadi. The Cadi asked Ali Cogia, "Did anyone see you put the gold in the pot ?"

"No," answered Ali Cogia. "I was alone. No one saw me."

"Did you tell your wife what you had done?" asked the Cadi.

"Sir, I have no wife."

"Did you tell anyone what you had done?"

"No," answered Ali Cogia.

The the Cadi asked Hussain: "Did you know about the gold?"

"No," said Hussain. "He told me that the pot was full of olives, and I believed him."

"Did you open the pot?"

"No," said Hussain. "He put it somewhere in my shop, but I did not touch it. I left it where he put it."

"Then," said the Cadi, "there is nothing to show and no one to tell that there was any gold in the pot."

Ali Cogia was very angry. "I shall ask the Caliph Haroun al Rashid to hear my story. I shall write it in a letter and give it to him as he comes back from his morning prayer."

On the next morning he gave his letter to a servant of the Caliph and the servant gave it to Haroun al Rashid.

"I do not know what to think about this story," said the Caliph. "Is this Ali Cogia a thief? Or is he a fool who believed too much in the goodness of his friend? How can anyone know if his story is true, or if it is only a way of getting a thousand pieces of gold from Hussain?"

Then the Caliph told the Grand Vizir to bring Ali Cogia and Hussain to him on the next morning.

They went to the Cadi

That evening the Caliph and the Grand Vizir put on the clothes of poor men and went for a walk in the city.

In one street they heard a noise. The door of a room was open a little. They looked round the door and saw ten or twelve children playing in the room. They watched them and heard what they were saying.

"Ali Cogia is a good man," said one of the children. "He sold us playthings and sweets, and sometimes he gave us sweets. He would not tell an untruth. The Cadi was wrong."

"Ah!" said another child, "but Ali Cogia has been away for seven years. Perhaps he has changed. Perhaps he does not speak the truth now."

"Let me be the Cadi," said a third child, named Fares. "You, Karim, shall be Ali Cogia; and you, Ziad, shall be Hussain."

Fares sat down. "Bring Ali Cogia! Now, Ali Cogia, tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

So Karim told Ali Cogia's story.

"Bring Hussain! Now, Hussain, tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. What is your answer to Ali Cogia?"

So Ziad told Hussain's story.

Then the Cadi (Fares) said, "Have you brought the pot of olives with you?"

"No, I have not," said Ali Cogia (Karim).

"Then go and get it! Bring it to me."

Then Karim went away and came back walking as if he was carrying a big pot of olives.

"Is this the pot, Hussain ?"

"Yes," said Ziad.

"Open the pot !" said the Cadi.

Then Karim moved his hands as if he was opening the pot.

Then the Cadi put down his head as if he was looking into the pot.

"What beautiful olives !" he said. Then he put his fingers to his mouth as if he was eating one of the olives.

"Very good ! A very good olive ! But I do not think that an olive seven years old can be as good as this. Bring me two olive-sellers. You, Jamil, and you, Samir ! You are sellers of olives."

"Tell me," said the Cadi, "for how long can olives be kept good enough for eating ?"

"Never longer than three years," said Jamil.

"After even two years they may lose their colour and smell bad," said Samir.

"Look at these olives. Tell me how long they have been in this pot."

The olive-sellers looked.

"These are fresh olives. They are this year's olives," they said.

Then the Cadi said, "Take Hussain away. Make him give back the money to Ali Cogia. Give Hussain a beating : he is a thief."

"Open the pot!" said the Cadi

Haroun al Rashid was surprised at what he had heard. "These children," he said, "are very wise. They are wiser than the Cadi. Bring the Cadi to me tomorrow. Let him learn from these children how he should do his work. And bring two olive-sellers. Tell Ali Cogia to bring his pot of olives. And bring Hussain."

On the next morning Fares was brought to the Caliph. The Caliph said, "I heard you last night. Today you will see the real Ali Cogia, and the real Hussain. Sit here, next to me. Let them be brought before us."

Then he said to the Cadi, "This child shall hear their stories, and you may learn from him how to know truth from untruth, right from wrong, the good man from the thief. Learn from this child how to do your work as a Cadi."

Then he gave Fares a hundred pieces of gold, and he said, "When you are a man, come to me, and I will make you a real Cadi, a judge of my people."

* * * * *

"That," said the Sultan, "was a very good story. I have learnt much from it. Children can sometimes be wiser than we are."

"I have a story about a Queen whose children were taken from her, and about the Golden Water, the Tree that sang and the Bird that talked. Your learnèd men may not know this story, but I shall not be able to tell it to you. Perhaps you can think what the story of these things should be."

"You shall tell it to me before sunrise tomorrow," said the Sultan.

Chapter Seven

THE TALKING BIRD, THE SINGING TREE AND THE GOLDEN WATER

There was once a King of Persia named Kosrouschah. When he was a boy he had heard about the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, and how he dressed as a poor man and walked about the streets of the city. Kosrouschah loved doing this, and when his father died and he became King he said, "I will dress as a poor man and go with my Vizir to hear what my people are saying."

As he walked down a quiet street he saw an open window. He looked in and saw three sisters sitting there and talking. They were talking about the man whom they would like to marry.

The eldest sister said, "I like eating good bread. I would like to marry the King's *baker*, the man who makes bread for the King."

The second sister said, "I like good food. I would like to marry the King's cook."

The third sister was very beautiful. The King had never seen such a beautiful woman. Her voice was very sweet and low. She said, "I have seen the King: he is a beautiful man, and I think he is a very good man. I would like to marry the King."

The King turned to his Vizir and said, "Come to this house tomorrow and bring these young women to me."

On the next day the three young women were brought into the King's great hall. He said, "Do you remember what you wished for when you were talking last night? I stood outside your window and I heard what you said. You shall have your wishes. You shall marry my baker; and you shall marry my cook." He turned to the youngest sister and said, "Will you marry me?"

The two sisters were married to the King's baker and the King's cook. But the youngest sister, whose name was Fatima, was married to the King. She became the Queen.

The two sisters were very angry at this. They said, "Why did he marry her? We are much more beautiful than she is. We are older and wiser than she is."

Then they tried to think of a plan which would hurt Fatima and make the King put her away so that she would not be Queen any more.

After one year they heard that the Queen would soon have a baby. They went to the King and said, "We are her sisters. Let us be with her when the baby is born!"

So they stayed with Fatima. The baby was a beautiful little boy. They put the baby in a box and took it down to the river. They put it in the water and

One of his men found the box

the river carried it away. Then they got a baby dog—a *puppy*. They said to the King, "This is Fatima's baby." The King was very sad and very angry.

The box was carried along by the river till it came to the King's garden.

Jamil was a very good man and a very great man. He was the Head Man in the King's garden. All the gardeners worked under him and did what he said. One of his men found the box in the grasses at the side of the river. He brought it to Jamil. Jamil and his wife had no children. So they said, "We will take this baby as our son."

In the next year the same thing happened. The baby boy was put in a box. The box was carried by the river to the same place in the King's garden. Jamil and his wife took a second son.

The King was very angry because the Queen could not give him a son. He said, "If the next baby is like the other two, I shall put her away."

The third child was a girl. The two sisters put the little girl in a box in the river, and the river carried it to the same place, and Jamil and his wife now had a daughter.

The King shut up Fatima in a room with a window opening on to the street. He said, "Let the people who pass by see this woman who cannot give me a child."

The boys grew up and they were very strong and beautiful : they looked like young princes. They were named Bahman and Perviz : these were the names of Kings of Persia in old times. And the girl was named Parizade.

Jamil bought a beautiful house in the country, and he made a beautiful garden round the house. When this was ready, Jamil went to the King and said, "I am old and I wish to give up my work and go and live in my house with my wife and children."

Some years after this Jamil and his wife died. They had not told Bahman, Perviz and Parizade how they had come. The boys and the girl thought they were the children of Jamil and his wife. They went on living quietly in the beautiful house and garden.

One day an old woman came to the house. She said, "It is the hour of prayer. May I come into your house to say my prayers here?" When she had finished her prayers, Parizade said, "You must eat with me, and when you have eaten I will show you the house and the garden."

When the old woman had seen all, Parizade said, "Is not this the most beautiful house and the most beautiful garden in the world?"

The old woman said, "Yes; it is all very beautiful; but there are three things which you have not got."

"What are they?" asked Parizade. "Tell me, and I will get them."

"They are the Talking Bird: it speaks like a man and is very wise. Second, there is the Singing Tree; and there is the Golden Water. Make a place in the ground for a *fountain*: pour the Golden Water into it, and you will have a fountain which will never become dry and never become too full and run over."

"But where can I find these things ?" said Parizade.

"You must travel for twenty days along the road which passes your house. Then ask the first person whom you meet where you may find the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water."

"What is the matter ?" asked Bahman when he came back in the evening. "Why do you look so sad ?"

Parizade told him what the old woman had said.

"I will get these things for you. I will go to-morrow."

"No ! No !" cried Parizade. "There may be danger. I do not want these things."

"Take this glass," said Bahman. "If I am safe the glass will be clear and bright. If it is clouded you will know that I am in danger."

Bahman travelled for twenty days along the road. Then he saw an old man sitting by the side of the road and he said, "Sir, I have come from far away to find the Talking Bird and the Singing Tree and the Golden Water. Can you tell me where I should go from here?"

"Yes," said the old man; "but there is great danger. You see that high mountain standing all alone with no hills near it. Go to the foot of that mountain. You will see many black stones at the foot of the mountain, and you will hear voices calling you bad names and telling you to turn back. Those stones are men who have come to find the Talking Bird and the Singing Tree and the Golden Water, but they looked back. They looked behind them, and they were changed into stones. Do not look behind you. Go on to the top of the mountain. There you will see the Talking Bird and he will tell you where to find the Singing Tree and the Golden Water."

Bahman came to the mountain: he saw the black stones and began to climb up. Then the voices called out to him. They called him bad names. But he went on. The sun was hot, and the way was hard. A stone rolled away from under his feet and he nearly fell. As he stood up again he looked back.

There was another black stone at the foot of the mountain!

Parizade looked in the glass. It was clouded. She knew that Bahman was in danger.

Perviz said, "Our brother is in danger. I must go

and help him. If I am in danger the glass will become black, like coal. But if I have found my brother and am bringing him back to you, it will be bright and clear."

Perviz travelled along the road and came to the old man. He asked the old man, "Has my brother passed this way? Did he ask you about the Talking Bird and the Singing Tree and the Golden Water?"

"Yes," said the old man. "A young man who looks very like you passed by. I told him where to go. I told him not to look back as he went up the mountain. But now he is a black stone."

Perviz came to the mountain and began to climb up. He heard the voices but he went on. Then he heard a voice behind him saying, "Come back! Come back!" Was it the voice of his brother? He turned and looked back.

There was another black stone at the foot of the mountain.

When Parizade knew that both her brothers were in danger she set out to save them. She rode along till she came to the old man. The old man told her what had happened. He told her about the voices, and he said, "Do not look behind you."

Parizade said, "I shall stop up my ears with bits of cloth: so I shall not hear the voices."

She climbed up the mountain. The voices were behind her and all round her; but she did not hear them. At last she came to the top and saw the Talking Bird.

She took out the bits of cloth from her ears and said, "Tell me where I may find the Singing Tree and the Golden Water."

"There!" he said. "Can you not hear it singing? Break off a piece and plant it in your garden, and it will grow up into a tree. Then take some of the Golden Water in a bottle and it will become a fountain in your garden."

"But," cried Parizade, "how can I save my brothers?"

"You will see a pot of water near the tree. Take it and pour a little water on each of the black stones and they will become men again."

Parizade came back to the foot of the mountain bringing with her the Talking Bird, a piece of the Singing Tree and the Golden Water. She brought also the pot of water to make the stones become men again.

So Parizade and her two brothers came safely home. They planted the tree in the garden, and made a beautiful fountain with the Golden Water. The Talking Bird lived in a golden cage in the house. People came from far and near to see these things. At last the King heard about them and he came to see them.

He saw the Golden Fountain, and the Singing Tree. Then he said to the Vizir, "I wish to meet the owners of these beautiful things, and perhaps they will let me hear the Talking Bird."

Parizade came safely back

Bahman and Perviz came out of the house. When the King saw them he said, "Ah ! Why did not the Queen give me sons like these ! By this time my sons would have been just as old as these two fine boys. Why did not the Queen give me sons !"

Then Bahman and Perviz led the King into the house. When he saw Parizade he said, "Her face is very like the face of the Queen. Oh, why did not the Queen give me a beautiful daughter like this!"

Parizade led the King to the Talking Bird.

She said to the bird, "This is the King. Please speak to him."

The Bird said, "O King I wish you long life and much happiness. Do you wish to ask me any questions?"

"Yes," said the King, "tell me why I have not got two fine sons like this and a daughter as beautiful as Parizade?"

"These *are* your sons," said the Talking Bird, "and Parizade is your daughter."

Then he told the King what the two sisters had done.

"Ask the sisters!" said the Talking Bird. "Make them tell you the truth, and let your Queen see her children, and let her be your Queen again."

* * * * *

"So," said Scheherazade, "all ended happily. That was the story of a princess and two brothers. I know a story about three brothers who all wanted to marry a Princess. How could the Sultan say which of them would make his daughter happiest? Perhaps, O Sultan, you can think of the answer to that."

"No," said the Sultan, "I cannot think of the answer. But you may tell me the story before sunrise tomorrow."

Chapter Eight

THE PRINCESS AND THE THREE BROTHERS

The Sultan had three sons, Hussain, Ali and Ahmed. The Princess Lila was the daughter of his younger brother. This brother died when Lila was very young. The Sultan took care of her and she grew up with the three Princes.

The Sultan wanted the princess to marry the son of a certain king whose country was not far away. But he saw that his three sons loved Lila very much and wanted to marry her.

"What shall I do?" he said. "Shall I ask Ali and Ahmed to let their elder brother, Hussain, marry her? How can I say who shall marry her?"

He asked Lila, and she answered, "I love them all. Let us do something which will show which one loves me most."

Then the Sultan called his three sons and said, "Each of you must travel for one year. I love new and useful things. The son who brings back the best thing from his travels shall marry the Princess Lila." Then he gave each son five hundred pieces of gold. "You may use this money to pay for the best thing which you see on your travels."

The three brothers went on the first day's journey and they came to a place where three roads met. That night they said, "Each brother shall set out along one of those roads tomorrow, and travel for one year. We will meet at this place after one year. Then we will all go back to the Sultan bringing the best thing which each has found on his travels."

After many months Prince Hussain (the eldest brother) came to a place called Bisnagar. There were many shops. There were many streets. All the sellers of food had shops in one street; all the sellers of cloth and clothes had shops in another street. All the sellers of gold and jewels had shops in another street. The sellers of tables and chairs and beds were in another street. All the sellers of one thing were in one street.

Hussain walked through many streets. He saw many beautiful and useful things. He had never seen such things. He said, "Many of these things will please my father; but perhaps Ali and Ahmed will bring back something which is better. I must find a thing which no one has ever seen before. There must be only one such thing in the whole world."

One day, after walking through many streets, he came to the street of *Carpet*-sellers. He was very tired; and he sat down in front of a very small shop. The shopman came out to him and said, "What do you wish to buy? I have many good carpets."

"Have you the best carpet in the whole world? There must be no other carpet like it in the world."

"Yes," said the shopman. "I have the one and only magic carpet. If you sit on this carpet and say, 'Take me to — to any place — to Baghdad — or to Damascus — or Cairo — or any place', the carpet will fly through the air and take you to that place."

"Let me try it," said Hussain.

"I will go with you," said the shopman. "Then, if the carpet does as I say, we will come back here and you must pay me five hundred pieces of gold."

The shopman brought the carpet. It was very small and very old. They sat on the carpet.

"Take us to Damascus."

The carpet rose up in the air, and, after a very short time they looked down on the great city and the covered street of shops and the river Abana.

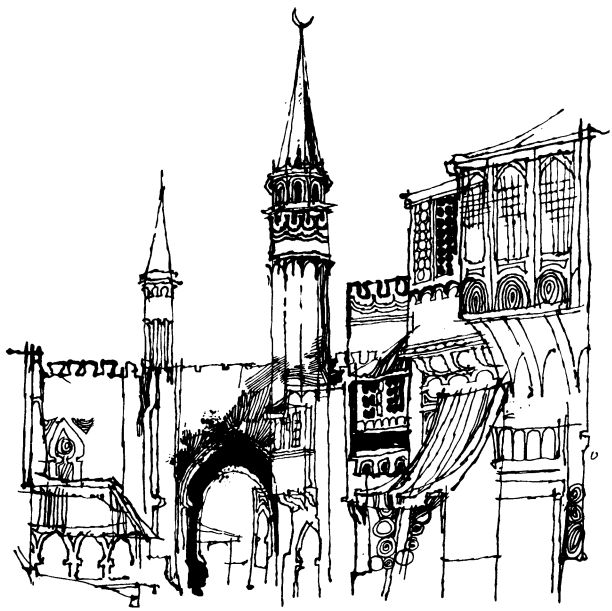
"Now go to Cairo." Soon they were looking down on the city.

"Now go back to Bisnagar." Soon the carpet set them down outside the carpet-seller's shop.

Hussain paid five hundred pieces of gold. He said, "Ali and Ahmed will not find anything like this! This is the only magic carpet in the world."

Ali set out and after four days he reached the city of Shiraz in Persia. He travelled as a jeweller (a seller of jewels).

There were many streets and squares with hundreds of shops full of beautiful things. "But," he said,



The carpet rose up in the air

"such things may be found in other cities. If I buy this thing, how can I be sure that Hussain or Ahmed may not buy something better?"

He came to a shop which sold *spy-glasses*—glasses with which you can see things far away and they seem as if they were near. There were many very good spy-glasses in the shop. He had never seen such spy-glasses. "But," he said, "all ships' captains have spy-glasses, and in some other city where there are many shops, there may be a spy-glass better than all these."

The shopman said to Ali, "Tell me what spy-glass you want, and I will find it for you."

Ali said, "I want a spy-glass which is better than any other spy-glass in the world. There must be no other spy-glass like it."

"An old man passed along this street a few days ago," said the shopkeeper. "He had a spy-glass for which he asked five hundred pieces of gold. He said, 'There is no other spy-glass in the world which is like this one.'"

"Five hundred pieces of gold for a spy-glass!" said Ali. "For what spy-glass would anyone pay so much?"

"He is a good man," said the shopkeeper. "If he says that there is no other spy-glass like it, he is telling the truth. I will bring him to you."

So the old man came, bringing the spy-glass. "If you look through this glass," he said, "you can see whatever person or thing you may wish to see."

Then Ali looked through the spy-glass and wished

to see his father. He saw him in the great hall talking to the Vizir.

"Now," he said, "let me see the Princess Lila." He saw her walking in the garden with her women. They were laughing.

So Ali bought the spy-glass and set out to meet his brothers.

Prince Ahmed took the road to Samarkand. He went into the cloth-shops, the carpet-shops, the jewellers' shops and many other shops. He found many beautiful things. He said, "I have never seen such beautiful things. But perhaps Hussain or Ali may find something better than all these things. I must buy something which is the best in all the world."

As he sat in the street of the jewellers he heard a man crying out, "An apple. Who will pay five hundred pieces of gold for this apple ?"

"Five hundred pieces of gold for an apple !" said Ahmed. "Who would pay you so much ?"

He looked at the apple : "Yes," he said, "I see it is made of gold, but I would not give five hundred pieces for that."

"Ah !" said the man. "This apple was made by a magician. He was a very wise man. If any man is ill, he will be well if he smells this apple. The magician saved many men who were dying. But one day he went on a long journey and did not take the apple. He fell ill, and he sent a man to bring the apple quickly.

But the man did not go quickly enough. When he came back the magician was dead."

Many people told Ahmed that this was true. They told about wives and chidren whose lives had been saved by the magician with his magic apple.

So Ahmed bought the apple and set out to meet his brothers.

The three princes showed each other what they had bought.

Hussain looked through Ali's spy-glass, saying, "I wish to see the Princess Lila." Then he cried out, "Oh, brother Ali, the Princess is very ill. She is dying."

"We must go to her at once," said Ahmed. "I will save her with my magic apple."

"But how can we go there quickly enough ?" said Ali. "She is very ill. She may die before we can reach her."

"We will go on my magic carpet," said Hussain.

They sat down on the carpet and very soon they were in Princess Lila's room. Prince Ahmed held the apple under her nose. She opened her eyes and looked at her women and said, "I have been asleep. I wish to get up and dress."

The Three Princes went out of the room. They went to the Sultan.

Prince Hussain said, "See this carpet. There is no other carpet like it in the world. And it brought us

Ahmed held the apple under her nose

here so quickly that we saved the Princess's life. It is my carpet. So I shall marry her."

"Yes," said Prince Ali. "But I saw that she was ill through my spy-glass ; that is why we came so quickly. So I shall marry her."

"But I saved her with my magic apple. So I shall marry her," said Prince Ahmed.

"You learnt that she was ill by looking through my spy-glass. That is why we came in time to save her. So I shall marry her," said Ali.

"You came in time to save her because of my carpet. I brought you here. So I shall marry her," said Hussain.

"I made her well again with my magic apple. So I shall marry her," said Ahmed.

The Sultan did not know what to say. Which son should marry the Princess ?

* * * * *

Scheherazade stopped.

"Well !" said the Sultan, "which brother did marry her ? What did the father say ?"

Scheherazade looked at the window. "The sun is up. I cannot tell you any more now. You must wait till tomorrow. Or, if I am dead before tomorrow, you must find the answer for yourself."

[Perhaps you who are reading this book can think of the answer.]

* * * * *

The Sultan said to Hussain, "Tell me, will you give the carpet to your wife when you are married?"

Prince Hussain answered, "Oh no. We shall travel on it together. I would not let her go alone and leave me."

"Now, Ali, will you give the spy-glass to Lila when you are married, or will you keep it yourself?"

"I shall keep it, because I want to look at my beautiful wife a hundred times a day, but she does not want to look at me. I am not beautiful."

Then the Sultan said, "Ahmed, will you give the the magic apple to Lila when you are married?"

"Oh yes!" answered Ahmed.

"Tell me why," said the Sultan.

"Because if she dies, I do not want to live any more. I cannot live without her; so she must have the apple."

The Sultan said, "Ahmed, you have given the best answer. You shall marry Princess Lila."

"Oh!" said Lila, "that's just what I hoped for."

* * * * *

"I have another story," said Scheherazade, "about a doctor and making people well. Shall I tell it?"

"Yes," said the Sultan, "you may tell it, if it is a short one."

Chapter Nine

THE DWARF AND THE FISH-BONE

Ali Rezzak lived in a town in Kashgar. He had a shop in which he sold clothes. He loved his wife very much.

One day when he was sitting in his shop, a *dwarf* came and stood outside the shop and sang songs and told stories which made Ali laugh. Ali said, "Come with me, dwarf, when I go home. My wife will like to hear your songs and stories, and I am bringing a very nice piece of fish for my wife to cook."

So Ali took the dwarf home.

The dwarf ate up the fish very quickly. He ate so quickly that he got a *fish-bone* in his *throat.* He became blue in the face. He could not speak.

Ali and his wife were afraid. Ali's wife said, "If he dies here, we shall have to tell the Police, and they will make us go and tell our story to the Judge, and the Judge may say that we are the cause of his death."

"We must go quickly to the doctor's house," said Ali. "We will leave him at the door and then run away."

So they carried the dwarf up ten steps and stood him up against the door of the doctor's house, and then they ran away.

The doctor opened the door of his house. The

The dwarf ate so quickly that he got a fishbone in his throat

dwarf fell, and the doctor fell. They both fell down the steps—*bump*! *bump*! *bump*! to the bottom.

The doctor looked at the dwarf: he said, "He is dead! People will say that I threw him down the steps and the Police will bring me before the Judge and the Judge will say that I was the cause of his death. I must take the body away and hide it."

Just across the road from the doctor's house there was the house of Abdul. Abdul made bread. The doctor thought, "Abdul will not be in his house tonight. There is no light in his house."

So he carried the dwarf across the road into Abdul's house, and sat him in a chair. Then he said, "Abdul will think he is a thief. I will put some bread in front of the dwarf as if he was eating."

The doctor did this and went quickly home.

Abdul came home and looked and saw the dwarf sitting at the table.

"Ha!" he cried, "so you are the thief who has been stealing my bread."

He hit the dwarf so hard that he fell out of the chair. The dwarf did not get up from the floor. Abdul looked at him: he said, "He is dead!" He was very afraid. He said, "It is right to hit a thief, but not to hit him so hard that it kills him. I must take this body away and put it in some other place. If I do not do this, the Police will come and bring me before the Judge and the Judge will say that I was the cause of his death."

He said, "Salim, the rich man, is going out to eat and drink with his friends. He will eat and drink too much. When he comes home and sees the dwarf at his door, he will not know that he is dead."

So Abdul carried the dwarf and put him outside Salim's door.

Salim came home and saw a man at his door. He said, "What are you doing there ? . . . What do you want ? . . . Answer me ! Answer me, I say !"

There was no answer, so he *kicked* the dwarf. The dwarf fell down into the street. Just then a Policeman came along the street.

"You have killed him," said the Policeman. "Come with me."

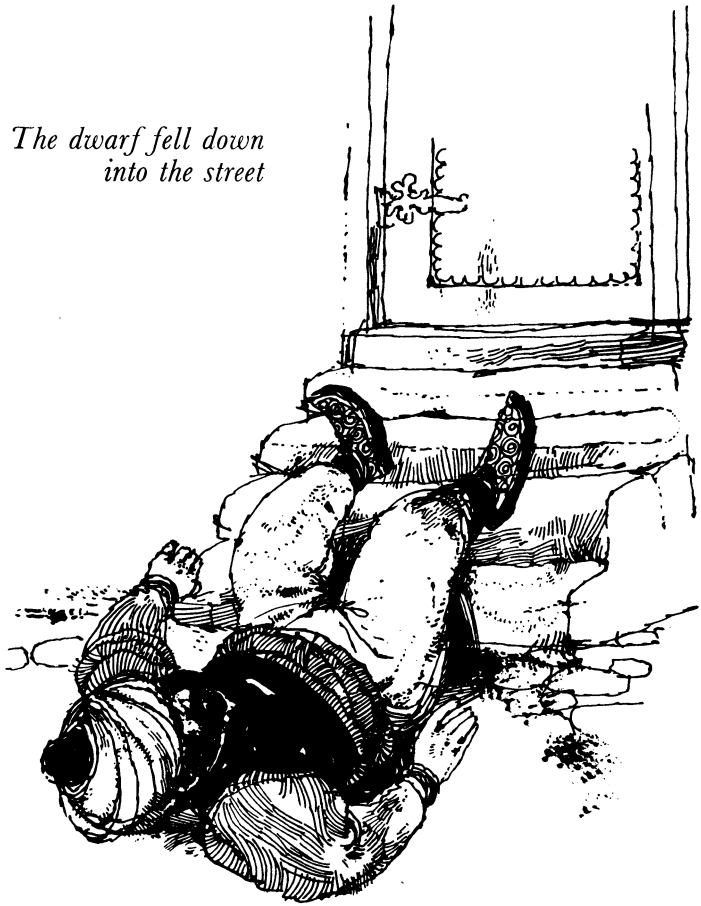
"Next day Salim was brought before the Judge. The Judge said, "You had drunk too much : you were drunk. You hit the dwarf and killed him. For that you must be *hanged*."

Abdul was there. He thought, "I cannot let the Judge hang Salim for killing the dwarf."

He stood up and said, "O Judge, I killed the dwarf and put him at Salim's door because I was afraid of the Police. He was a thief. He was sitting at the table in my house with the bread in front of him. I was very angry with the thief. I hit him very hard and he fell out of the chair. And he was dead !"

"You were angry and you hit this poor little dwarf and killed him," said the Judge. "So you must be hanged."

The dwarf fell down into the street



Then the doctor stood up and said, "Sir, I put the dwarf in Abdul's house. He fell down the steps of my house. I am a doctor. It would be a bad thing if a

dead man was found just outside my house. I was the cause of his death."

"You were the cause of his death," said the Judge. "You killed him. So you must be hanged."

Then Ali Rezzak stood up, and said, "I put the dwarf at the door of the doctor's house. He got a fish-bone in his throat and was dying. I did not want him to die in my house. I was afraid of the Police, so I carried him to the door of the doctor's house and then ran away."

"He was dying," said the Judge, "but you did not call the doctor to him. So you were the cause of his death. You must be hanged."

"Sir," said the Vizir, "you cannot hang four men for the death of one man."

"No," said the Judge, "I cannot. But which one of them shall I hang? Shall I hang Ali Rezzak because the man was dying, but he did not call the doctor? Or shall I hang the doctor because he caused a dying man to fall down the steps of his house? Or shall I hang Abdul because he hit him? Or shall I hang Salim because he kicked the dwarf so that he fell into the street and was killed—if he was not then quite dead."

* * * * *

Scheherazade stopped.

"Well," said the Sultan, "which man did the Judge hang?"

Scheherazade looked at the window of the room. "See," she said, "it is daylight. So I cannot tell you now, and tomorrow I may be dead. So you must find the end of the story yourself. Which man should the Judge hang?"

"You may tell me the end of the story tomorrow," said the Sultan, "and I shall see if I am right in my answer."

* * * * *

"Well!" said the Sultan, "which man did the Judge hang? Or did he hang them all?"

"Just then," said Scheherazade, "the Vizir of the King of Kashgar came into the room with the King's doctor."

The Vizir said, "One of the King's servants is lost. We ask the help of your Police in finding him. He left the house yesterday and we have not seen him since then. He sang songs to the King and told stories which made the King laugh. The King is very angry, and has told me that the man must be found quickly."

The Judge said, "There are many hundreds of men in this city who sing songs and tell stories. How can we find him?"

"But they are not all dwarfs," said the Vizir.

"A dwarf!" cried the Judge. "If you look in the other room perhaps you will see him. Oh, this is very sad!"

The Vizir and the doctor went into the other room.

"Yes," said the Vizir, "that is the man."

"What caused his death ?" said the doctor.

"A fish-bone," said the Judge. "So perhaps I should hang the fish-bone. Let me see the fish-bone. Then I shall know if Ali Rezzak was speaking the truth."

The doctor looked at the dwarf. He opened the dwarf's mouth. "The dwarf is not dead," he said. "Watch me ! When I take the bone out of his throat, he will be quite well."

The doctor took a thing from the box which he carried with him, then he opened the dwarf's mouth and took the fish-bone out of the dwarf's throat.

The dwarf opened his eyes. Then he sat up.

"So," said Scheherazade, "the Judge did not hang anyone, but the King of Kashgar gave his doctor fifty pieces of gold.

"The sun is up ; so I shall not have time to tell you one of my best stories. It is the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. But it is a very well-known story. So my sister, Dinarzade, will be able to tell it to you."

"I have heard the story," said Dinarzade, "but I do not remember it well."

"Scheherazade shall tell me the story tomorrow," said the Sultan.

Chapter Ten

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Mansur was a magician. He lived in Africa. He read in one of his magic books about a wonderful lamp hidden in a hole in the ground in China.

Aladdin and his mother lived in China. They were very poor: they lived in a hut and often had not enough food to eat.

One day Aladdin's mother said, "Go out into the fields and get some flowers; we will sell the flowers and get money to buy food." So Aladdin went into a field to get flowers.

Now the place where the lamp was hidden was in a hole in that field.

There was a heavy door on the top of the hole. The door was almost covered with grass so that no one would know that it was there. But the Magician knew where to look, and he found the door. He opened the door and looked down into the hole: it was very small. It was so small that he could not go down it.

Then he saw Aladdin. He called to him.

"Boy!" he said. "Come here . . . What is your name?"

"Aladdin, sir."

"I want you to do something for me, Aladdin."

"Yes, sir."

"There is a lamp at the bottom of that hole; but the hole is so small that I cannot go down it. Go down into the hole and bring me the lamp."

Then he gave Aladdin a ring. He said, "There is danger in that hole. There may be a genie who will try to kill you. Take this ring: it will keep you safe."

Aladdin went down the hole. At the bottom he saw a small room. He saw the lamp on a table in the room; he took it and went back. He climbed up to the top.

The door was shut. He called, and the Magician opened it a little. He said, "Give me the lamp, Aladdin."

Aladdin thought, "I do not like this man. When he has got the lamp he will shut the door and leave me here to die." So he said, "Open the door and I will come out. Then I will give you the lamp."

"No!" said the Magician. "Give me the lamp now. Then I will open the door and help you to come out."

Aladdin said, "No! Open the door, then I will give it to you."

The Magician thought, "I will leave him there for a night, and tomorrow he will do as I say." So he shut the door. Aladdin was shut in, in the hole.

He went back to the little room. He was afraid: "The Magician has left me here to die. How can I get out? My mother will not know where I am: she

will think that I am dead. If I can get out I will give her this beautiful ring. We can sell it and get food. And we can get some money for this old lamp."

He rubbed the ring.

There was a great noise, and a Genie stood in front of him. "I am the Genie of the Ring," he said. "You rubbed the ring and I have come. What do you want ?"

"I want to get out of this place," said Aladdin. "Take me out of here. Take me home to my mother."

The Genie took Aladdin and put him down at the door of his mother's house.

"Where have you been ?" said his mother. "Why have you brought no flowers ? . . . What shall we eat ? I have no food in the house and we have no money to buy any food."

Aladdin showed the lamp. "We can sell this," he said, "and buy food with the money."

She looked at the lamp. "We shall not get much money for that dirty old lamp. But I will clean it, and then we may get more." So she rubbed the lamp.

A Genie stood in front of her.

"Oh !" cried Aladdin's mother. "Who are you ?"

"I am the Genie of the Lamp," he said. "You rubbed the lamp and I have come. What do you want ?"

"We want food," said Aladdin.

The Genie set a wonderful meal down on the table —enough food for two or three days. They ate ; then

"I am the Genie of the Ring"

Aladdin's mother said, "We will put this food away and eat the rest of it tomorrow."

One day when Aladdin was walking in the street, Princess Badrul passed by. She was very beautiful. Aladdin had never seen anyone so beautiful.

Each day at the same time he went out to see the Princess go by. Then he went home; he took the lamp and rubbed it. The Genie stood in front of him: "You rubbed the lamp and I have come. What do you want?"

"I want to marry the Princess Badrul. I want a fine house, fine clothes, jewels and money. Make me the richest man in this country."

The Genie did this.

Then Aladdin went to the King and said, "I am the richest man in this country. I want to marry your daughter, Princess Badrul."

When the Princess Badrul saw Aladdin and talked with him, she liked him. And, as she saw more of him, she liked him more. Then she went to her father, the King, and said, "I will marry Aladdin. I think we shall be very happy."

So Aladdin and the Princess were married, and they lived in the great house—the biggest and most beautiful house in the city.

* * * * *

Scheherazade stopped. She looked at the window.

"Go on!" said the Sultan. "I know that this is not

the end of the story. They did not live happily ever after. There is more to tell."

"Daylight is near," said Scheherazade. "Must I not stop when the sun is up?"

"No!" said the Sultan, "go on until the story is finished."

So Scheherazade went on with the story.

* * * * *

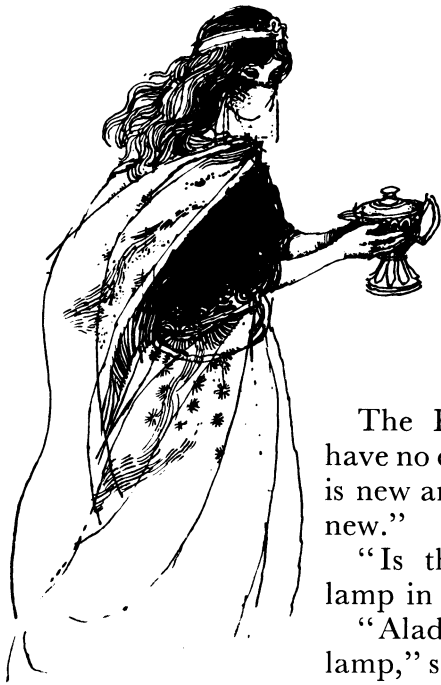
The Magician had gone back to Africa. A man came to him from China.

"Well," said the Magician, "tell me what has been happening in China."

"A young man called Aladdin has married the Princess Badrul. They live in the finest house in the city. He is very rich."

"Aladdin?" said the Magician. "Aladdin! On the next day when I went back to that hole in the field, I called, but he did not answer. So I thought that he was dead. But he did not die! He got out of the hole and he has the lamp! The Genie of the Lamp has done all this for him. I must go back to China and get the lamp from him."

So the Magician went to China. He got some new lamps which looked like the lamp which Aladdin had got. He waited till Aladdin went out of the house. Then he came to the house. He saw the Princess and said, "I will give new lamps for old ones. Give me your old lamps and I will give you new lamps."



The Princess said, "We have no old lamps : the house is new and all the lamps are new."

"Is there any very old lamp in the house ?"

"Aladdin has a very old lamp," said the Princess. "I will go and get it."

The Magician took the lamp. He rubbed it and the Genie stood in front of him. "You rubbed the lamp, and I have come. What do you want ?"

"Take this house and everything and everyone in it to Africa."

Aladdin came back to his house. But there was no house. There was only a field where the house had

been. The house and the Princess Badrul had gone!

"What can I do?" said Aladdin. Then he thought of the ring. "Perhaps the Genie of the Ring can help me."

So he rubbed the ring, and the Genie stood in front of him.

"You rubbed the ring, and I have come. What do you want?"

"Someone has taken the lamp and has told the Genie of the Lamp to take away my house—and the Princess Badrul. Where has he put it? Where is Princess Badrul?"

"The house is somewhere in Africa," said the Genie, "and the Princess is in it."

"Bring it back again!" said Aladdin. "Bring her back."

"I cannot do that," answered the Genie. "The Genie of the Lamp is a very great Genie. He is stronger than I am."

"Then take me to the house," said Aladdin.

The Genie took Aladdin to Africa. There he saw the house. He waited until the Magician went out of the house. Then he went in.

"Oh," cried the Princess, "I knew that you would find me and save me. What shall we do?"

"Where is the lamp?" said Aladdin. "We must get it."

"The Magician always carries it with him. It is with him day and night."

"Take this powder," said Aladdin. "Put it in the

Magician's food. When he eats it he will fall into a deep sleep."

Aladdin hid. The Magician came back and the Princess brought him his food. He ate it and fell into a deep sleep.

Then Aladdin came and took the lamp. He rubbed it, and the Genie stood in front of him.

"You rubbed the lamp," said the Genie, "and I have come. What do you want?"

"Take the Magician and put him in the hole where I found the lamp and shut the door so that he cannot get out."

"What more do you want?" said the Genie.

"Take this house back to China."

So the Genie brought the house back to China. The King was glad when he saw Aladdin and the Princess.

When the King died, Aladdin became King.

* * * * *

"That is the end of the story," said Scheherazade. "It is the end of my last story."

"Your last story?" said the Sultan. "Do you not know any more stories?"

"Oh yes," said Scheherazade, "I know a thousand and one stories."

"But you have told me only nine stories, so you know nine hundred and ninety-two more stories which you have not told me."

"I know more than that," said Scheherazade. "As I tell those stories I remember more stories. I can tell a story every night until the end of my life—or of your life."

The Sultan asked Scheherazade to marry him. "And," he said, "tell me a story every night until the end of my life."

* * * * *

QUESTIONS

1. *The Sultan and Scheherazade*

1. What will the Sultan do every day?
2. Who was Scheherazade?
3. What did Scheherazade ask her father to do?

1. What will Scheherazade ask the Sultan to do?
2. When must Dinarzade wake Scheherazade?
3. What did Dinarzade ask her to do?

2. *The Story of the Rich Man and the Genie*

1. What did the Rich Man do with the fruit-stones?
2. What did one of the fruit-stones do?
3. What will the Genie do to the Rich Man?
4. (*a*) Why cannot Scheherazade tell the rest of the story?
   (*b*) What did the Sultan say?

1. How much time did the Genie give to the Rich Man?
2. What had the First Old Man?

1. What had the Second Old Man?
2. In what form did the Genie come? "In the form of a . . . ."
3. What must the Genie do if the First Old Man's story pleases him?
4. What must he do if the Second Old Man's story pleases him?

3. *The Story of the First Old Man and the Deer*

1. What is the deer?
2. Whose child did the man take as his son by law?
3. Into what did the wife change her (Question 2) and the boy?

1. What did the man wish to give to his friends?
2. Why did he not want to kill the cow?
3. Who killed the cow?
4. What did the calf do?
5. What did he tell the servant to do?

1. What did the servant's daughter know?
2. What must the man's son do if she changes him back from being a calf?
3. What did she do to the man's wife?
4. What story will Scheherazade tell tomorrow?

4. *The Story of the Second Old Man and the Two Black Dogs*

1. Who are the two black dogs?
2. How much money did the brother take?
3. Who was the poor man?

1. Did the second brother come back rich?
2. Where did he hide three thousand sequins?
3. Where did he meet the beautiful woman?
4. What did she ask him to do?

1. What did the brothers do?
2. What was the man's wife?
3. What did she do to the brothers?
4. When may he bring them to her?
5. What did the Genie do to the Rich Man?

5. *The Caliph and the Blind Beggar*

1. What was the name of the Caliph?
2. What was the blind man?
3. What did he ask the Caliph to do?

1. Why is a man punished?
2. When must the old man come to the Caliph's house?

1. What is the name of the old man?
2. How many camels did he buy?
3. What did the man love?

1. What is a Dervish?
2. What is hidden in the cave?
3. How many loaded camels will he give to the Dervish?

1. Why did the Dervish tell him about the cave?
2. How many camels must be given to the Dervish?
3. What did the Dervish put on the fire?
4. Why did he put more jewels than gold in his bags?

1. What did the Dervish take out of the golden box?
2. One road went to . . . ., and the other road went to . . . . What places?
3. Why does not the Dervish need all these riches?

1. What does not the Dervish know?
2. How many camels did the man (Baba-Abdalla) take?
3. How far had the Dervish moved?
4. What did Baba-Abdalla wish?

1. How many more camels did Baba-Abdalla take?
2. How many camels had he now?
3. What is the saying?
4. What will people say if the Dervish goes to the city with twenty camels?

1. What did the Dervish say about riches?
2. What was in the wooden box?
3. What will this (Question 2) do if it is put on the left eye?
4. What will it do if it is put on the right eye?

1. In how many places did he see silver and gold and jewels hidden?
2. What did he tell the Dervish to do?
3. What did he think that the Dervish was hiding from him?

1. The blindness of your . . . . . has brought blindness upon your eyes. Of what?
2. To whom will the riches be given?
3. What will the Caliph give to Baba-Abdalla? (Two things)

6. *The Boy Cadi*

1. What was the name of the man?
2. What did he sell in his shop?
3. How much money had he put by?
4. What did the voice tell him to do?

1. What is an olive?
2. In what will he hide the money?
3. Whom did he ask to keep this thing?
4. What did Hussain give to him?
5. Where did he put the thing?

1. What did the two men say about Ali Cogia? "He should . . . ."
2. What did he buy in Cairo?
3. Where were the Persians going on to?
4. How many years passed before Ali Cogia came back?

1. When did Hussain's wife ask for olives?
2. Why did Hussain take the olives out of the pot?
3. What did Hussain put in the pot?

1. What did Ali Cogia think Hussain had done?
2. For what paper did Ali Cogia ask? "A paper saying . . . . ."
3. To whom must they go?

1. What did the Cadi ask Ali Cogia? "Did anyone . . . . .?"
2. Why did not Ali Cogia tell his wife?
3. "Then," said the Cadi, "there is nothing to show that . . . . ." That what?

1. Whom will Ali Cogia ask to hear his story?
2. The Caliph said, "Is this man a (*a*) . . . . .? Or is he a (*b*) . . . . .?"
3. How many children were playing in the room?
4. What did Ali Cogia sometimes give to the children?

1. Which child will be the Cadi?
2. Who will be Ali Cogia?
3. Who will be Hussain?
4. What did the "Cadi" tell Ali Cogia to bring?

1. What did the "Cadi" say about the olives?
2. The "Cadi" said, "I do not think that . . . . . could be . . . . ."
3. What will Jamil and Samir be?
4. How long will olives be good for eating?
5. What did the olive-sellers say about the olives?

1. From whom will the Cadi learn how to do his work?
2. What did the Caliph give to Fares?
3. What will Fares be when he grows up?

7. *The Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water*

1. What did Kosrouschah love doing?
2. Whom did he see in the room?
3. Whom did the first sister want to marry?
4. Whom did the second sister want to marry?
5. Whom did the third sister want to marry?

1. To whom were the first two sisters married?
2. What was the name of the youngest sister?
3. What plan did the two sisters try to think of?

1. What did they do with the baby?
2. What did they put in place of the baby?
3. Who was Jamil?
4. What did Jamil and his wife do?

1. What was the second baby? Boy or girl?
2. What was the third baby? Boy or girl?
3. Where did the King shut up his wife?
4. What were the names of the three children?

1. What did Jamil say to the King?
2. What did the three children think?
3. What did the old woman ask Parizade?
4. What will Parizade show her?

1. What are the three things which Parizade has not got?
2. What must be made for the Golden Water?
3. How many days must someone travel along the road?

1. What will show if Bahman is still safe?
2. To what place did the old man tell Bahman to go?
3. What will Bahman hear?
4. What are the black stones?
5. Bahman must not . . . . . do what?

1. What caused Bahman to look back?
2. What happened to Bahman?
3. What will the glass do if Perviz is in danger?

1. What voice did Perviz think he heard?
2. What will Parizade do so that she may not hear the voices?
3. What must Parizade take to save her brothers?

1. Where did the bird live?
2. Whom did the King want to see?
3. What did the King want to hear?
4. What did the King say when he saw Bahman and Perviz?

8. *The Princess and the Three Brothers*

1. What were the names of the Sultan's sons?
2. Who was Princess Lila?
3. Which son shall marry the Princess? "The son who . . . . ."

1. All the sellers of one thing were in . . . What?
2. Where did Hussain sit down?
3. What will the carpet do?

1. To what two places did the carpet go?
2. How much money must Hussain pay for the carpet?

1. What did the shop sell?
2. What have all ships' captains got?
3. What did Ali see through the spy-glass? (*a*) . . . . ., and (*b*) . . . . .

1. The apple was made of . . . . . What?
2. A sick man will be made well if he . . . . . Does what?
3. What did many people tell Ahmed?

1. What did Hussain see through Ali's spy-glass?
2. What will Ahmed do with his apple?
3. How will they go there?
4. What did the Princess say? "I have . . . . . I wish to . . . . ."

1. Hussain said, "I shall marry the Princess because . . . . ."
2. Ali said, "I shall marry the Princess because . . . . ."
3. Ahmed said, "I shall marry the Princess because . . . ."

1. Why will not Hussain give the carpet to the Princess?
2. Why will not Ali give the spy-glass to the Princess?
3. Why must the Princess have the apple?
4. Which Prince did Lila want to marry?

9. *The Dwarf and the Fish-bone*

1. What did the dwarf do?
2. What is Ali bringing for his meal?
3. What happened to the dwarf?
4. If the dwarf dies in Ali's house what will the judge say?

1. Where will they leave the dwarf?
2. What happened when the doctor opened the door?
3. What did Abdul make?
4. What did the doctor put in front of the dwarf in Abdul's house?

1. What did Abdul say when he saw the dwarf? "So you are the . . . . . who has been . . . . ."
2. What did he do to the dwarf?
3. Who was Salim?
4. Why will Salim not know that the dwarf is dead?

1. What did Salim do to the dwarf?
2. What did the Policeman say to Salim?
3. What did the Judge say to Salim "You . . . . . must be . . . . ."

1. What did Abdul say? "I . . . . . and put him . . . . ."
2. What did the doctor say? "I put . . . . . house. He . . . . . of my house."
3. What did Ali say? "I put . . . . house. He got a . . . . in his . . . . . and was . . . . ."

1. What did the Vizir say to the Judge? "You cannot . . . . ."
2. Who came into the room?
3. Who was with him?

1. Whom was the Vizir trying to find?
2. The doctor said, "What caused his death?" The Judge said, "A . . . . . So perhaps I should . . . . ."
3. What did the doctor do to the dwarf?
4. What did the King give to the doctor?

10. *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*

1. What was Mansur?
2. Where did he live?
3. Where did Aladdin live?
4. What must Aladdin get from the fields?
5. Where was the lamp hidden?

1. Why could the Magician not go down the hole?
2. What did the Magician give to Aladdin?
3. Where was the lamp? "On . . . . ."

1. Aladdin said, " . . . . ., then I will give you the lamp."
2. What did the Magician do?
3. What did Aladdin do to the ring?
4. Who came when Aladdin did this?

1. What did Aladdin tell the Genie to do?
2. What did the Genie bring to Aladdin and his mother?
3. Whom did Aladdin see in the street?

1. What does Aladdin want to do?
2. What must the Genie make Aladdin? "The . . . . in . . . . ."
3. Where did Aladdin and the Princess live?

1. What did the Magician think when he went back to the hole next day?
2. What did the Magician ask the Princess?
3. Where did the Genie take the house?

1. Why cannot the Genie of the Ring bring the house back?
2. What does the Magician do with the lamp?
3. What did the Princess put in the magician's food?

1. What did the Magician do when he ate his food?
2. Where did the Genie put the Magician?
3. What other thing did the Genie do? "He took . . . . ."

1. How many more stories does Scheherazade know?
2. How long can Scheherazade tell stories every night?
3. What did the Sultan ask Scheherazade to do?
4. What did the Sultan tell Scheherazade to do?

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